

The Choice

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Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé¬½

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Chizuru Y., Sanosuke H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-31 07:50:43

Updated: 2011-07-31 07:50:43

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:05:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,256

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Harada Sanosuke had always been free to choose as he wanted, to walk the path that he so desired. Thus, he chooses her, the girl with eyes of honey and a soul with iron, because he knew that she could not walk down her own path alone. Harada X Chizuru.

The Choice

He held her onto the tatami floor, his hands holding her arms at either side of her head.. He knew that she could never escape him if he held her thus, that she would be forced to look into his amber eyes, to hear his voice, pleading her not to leave.

That girlâ€| how could she do anything without him by her side? He knew that she was not incapable, but what she resolved to do was suicide. She was trying to face hordes of her father's Rasetsu that could move under the sun, and she had no skill with the blade at all. He had thought that he was able to persuade her to stay by his side the night he told her he loved her, butâ€| it seems that in her stubbornness, she had forgotten all about it.

"I have already made my choice," he told her, his voice unshaken despite of hisâ€| tiredness of her wanting to leave him in order to seek out her crazed father. Could she not see that she had no skill with the blade, and would be killed in seconds even if she had superior healing abilities? He might be mortal, but at least he was known for his combat abilities, he would willingly bear that burden for her. "You are the one I choose, Chizuru."

"Harada-sanâ€|" she murmured, her white face flush as she felt the weight of his body above hers. He was so close that she could smell the faint scent of his body, reminding her of sandalwood. It was a powerful scent. He was a strong man, she knew it. He was the man that many in the Shinsen-Gumi went to when they were short of advice, even Hijikata at times, but she knew that there was no one he could go for his own. But she knew that he did not need any, because he had always

acted from the advice he had found within his heart.

He had already stopped her from leaving once. He had left the Shinsen-Gumi to protect her from Sannan, who wanted her blood to improve their Rasetsu, she knew that there was no more evidence that she would ever need to prove that he loved her. Now, he had even chosen to fight her father by her side than to fight beside Shinpachi, the greatest friend he ever hadâ€|. How could she not love him for the sole reason for loving her?

It was true that Harada Sanosuke was a famed warrior known for the accuracy of his spear and his loyalty to whatever cause he fought in, it was true that he had protected her through many dangers; it was also true that she could never, ever repay him for whatever he had done for her. She did not even know what she had done to deserve the love of a man like him. "Why?" she asked him, her voice so soft that he had to strain his ears to hear that single word.

He knew that the question was not directed to why he did not want her to leave. It was directed to the intention behind that obvious question. Her brown eyes demanded an answer, and he found a single tear forming at the corner of one of themâ€|. "There isn't a 'why', " he whispered into her ear. "No matter how many times I ask myself this question, no matter how many times I weighed my options with a scale, my choice is always you, Chizuru. I love you, and that is all."

No more words were exchanged. He had pressed his lips against hers, kissing her as pulled against the end of the embroidered cord she used to tie her hair with, and then grasping the brown locks that assumed the color of fire in the candlelight gently when they fell between his fingers. Their kiss soon broke, the first ever one between them, and he knew that she would forever remember it. The tear from her eye finally fell, and he kissed it away, clasping his fingers between hers. It was only then when he realized that her hands were so small, and they were slightly rough and calloused, due to all the work that she had done.

So selfless was he, she told herself over and over again as she found herself lost in his embrace. She felt safe there in his arms, and found herself in a state where she felt neither pain nor fear. "The one that you chose is me?" she asked him, repeating what he had said just mere seconds ago. She could not understand it at all, how a man like him would love a useless girl like her. In her years within the Shinsen-Gumi, all she had done were the mundane, everyday chores, while all of them, and him most of all, had given their best to protect herâ€|

"Yes," he rasped, their lips so dangerously close from one another's. He had always fought for the women and children in that terrible conflict, and now, he would take it a step further, to fight for the woman he loved. He needed not to prove himself as a warrior like Hijikata or Kondou, all he needed was to protect her: the woman he was currently holding in his arms. "Please, release me. Choose me as well."

At that moment, her expression changed. Her honey-colored eyes once again contained the spark of iron-will that he had always seen. She was silent, and said nothing. She only moved his head closer to hers, closing her eyesâ€|. That would be her answer, and it was one that he

accepted.

Once again, their lips met, and this time, it never did stop. With much gentleness, he grazed his tongue on her lower lip, practically begging for entrance until she granted it to him in the form of a soft moan on her part. Their tongues met between their mouths, and she soon gained the confidence to respond to him on her part. Her first attempts were feeble, but he knew that she was a demure Japanese girl, who knew nothing about whatever they were doing; he did nothing, but let her feel her own way through the experience.

Moments passed, slow, tormenting moments when they would look into each other's eyes whenever their lips parted so as to allow them to breathe again. Somewhere, deep in her gut, she knew how the night would progress, and she could feel something inside her, a great heat that she could not explain. She could see that fire as well, in his amber eyes.

Soon, she herself began to untie the ties of her obi, followed by her hakama. She would open herself to him, surrendering all that she was to the man who loved her; mind, body and soul. He smiled, and kissed her collarbone that was revealed to him before stopping her hands from removing any more of her own clothes. Slowly, he parted the folds of her gi, and helped her as she wriggled out of her hakamaâ€|

Finally, he was allowed a sight of her body in all its beauty, and he kissed every inch of it, reveling in the fact that he would be the only one to ever see her in this way. "You're so beautiful," he whispered into her hair, licking her earlobe before sucking on it. His hand soon closed itself around one of her breasts, cupping it gently as he went on to nibble on her coral-hued nipple. His actions earned him a moan of pleasure on her part, the first of many that would surely come. However, he also knew that the first time for a woman would be painful, and as much as he wanted to shield her from it, he knew that it was pain that she had to endure.

"Are you afraid?" he asked her, now kissing a trail from her breast to her belly button with one hand clasping hers, their fingers threaded together, inseparable. She shook her head, for wherever she was, she knew that he would be there to guide her, to protect her. She too, would do whatever she could to ensure his wellbeing; she swore it to whatever being in the Heavens watching over them.

"Haradaâ€|sanâ€|" she wheezed, her fingernails scoring his back. The heat that was engulfing her entire being, it was building up quickly, and instinct told her that she desperately needed him out of his clothes. Knowing what was on her mind, he quickly threw off whatever he had on his body, making sure that she could see every inch of him as he could see her.

"Sanosuke," he corrected her. He would not have her addressing him by his surname, if she was to walk the rest of his life with him. She repeated his name to him, and he lifted her chin so that he could see her eyes for the umpteenth time. "I will not allow you to escape me again," he added, placing her small hand upon his chest. "I will stand with you, no matter what happens."

His words brought tears to her eyes. No man other than him was able to move her with such beautiful words, and she knew that they were not empty promises. "Sanosuke-san!" she murmured, and he held her closer in his arms, burying his head in her soft, brown hair, inhaling her scent. He should have expected that she would smell of flowers.

Smiling, he began to kiss his way downwards, from the center of her flat stomach to the very core of her womanhood. It took all his self-restraint not to do what he wanted to do with her, and thus, he slowly spread her outer lips and pressed his tongue against the small mound of flesh he knew to be the center of her pleasure. She moaned once again, and he felt increasing tension on the crown of his head.

It was pleasure that she had never felt before, and she wanted more, and he watch as he unleashed a new sort of angel into the world, an angel that was his and only his, one that was so pristine to the eyes of the world, turned ravenous for only him when they were alone. In mere seconds, she would be ready for him. He knew it. "Chizuru," he called her name, and kissed her once more as he aligned his erect phallus with the opening of her sheath. He would have to be quick and strong, if she were to feel the least pain, and move he did, swallowing her cry in his mouth, holding her as tightly as he could. There in her depths he remained, kissing away the sole tear that bore the short stab of pain that she was feeling.

"Please!" she groaned a few lingering moments later, and kissed the base of his neck. He took it as the sign that withdraw and thrust into her once again. It took time for their bodies to build the rhythm that they so needed, and it was during that time when more than just frenzied kisses were exchanged. The taste of one another, the sound of flesh pounding onto flesh, how they had looked like from the mirror across the room, these sensations by themselves, amplified the experience, and she finally realized that this was the stuff that made married women giggle amongst themselves when they thought the children were not listening.

The time soon came when they were both rising to their own heights of pleasure, the world soon became nothing but a flurried blur to her, where only he was the only thing existing in the frenzy of her mind that was afloat in ecstasy. "Chizuru," he called her name again and again, and finally came undone deep within her, her walls clamping around his member, constricting every inch of him, making it evident that the two of them were in the same state.

"I love you," she told him when he withdrew himself from her and collapsed next to her, bringing her onto his broad chest. He had given her more than his protection and so his love, he had given her courage to face what she had to face, even though it was never his burden to bear. With him, she would have a future filled with light, where they would build their family together, in a house by the sea, with the sea as their horizon.

"I love you too," he replied, and soon drifted into sleep, taking her with him. Dawn would come soon, and until then, they would walk their dreams together, side by side and hand in hand, for that was their choice, and that was what they wanted.

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><p>HAN: Hello everyone! I'm taking a break from Of Tea and Swords to give you this! I've been envisioning a lemon-fic between Harada and Chizuru ever since I played Harada's route in the original game a few weeks ago. I may not be able to read Japanese, but I understand when it is spoken, and from the little bits and pieces I could decipher, there was an intimate encounter between the two of them, heh heh heh. ^.^ So I do hope that you liked this, and even if you don't I'd like to see why in a review! ^.^

End
file.